

Yonder Mountain String Band, High On A Hilltop

High on a hilltop, I search the land below
Looking for that love of mine left 20 long years ago
Her love I took in vain, her love I did not earn
Love is something that you might find, but pain is what you learn
On a hilltop looking for my love below

I blew my whistle loud, I blew my whistle clear,
Picked up a fiddle, sawed off a tune, looking for my dear
I searched this whole world over, through the country and through the town
I'll keep on looking for that little girl 'til I'm in the lonesome ground
On a hilltop looking for my love below.

For years my heart did ramble, like a rounder without a home,
Put down my ancient tired eyes, rest upon my bones
But now the girl is gone, wherever she may be
I hope sometime she sees the stars and maybe thinks of me
Sees the stars and maybe thinks of me

But now the girl is gone, wherever she may be
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